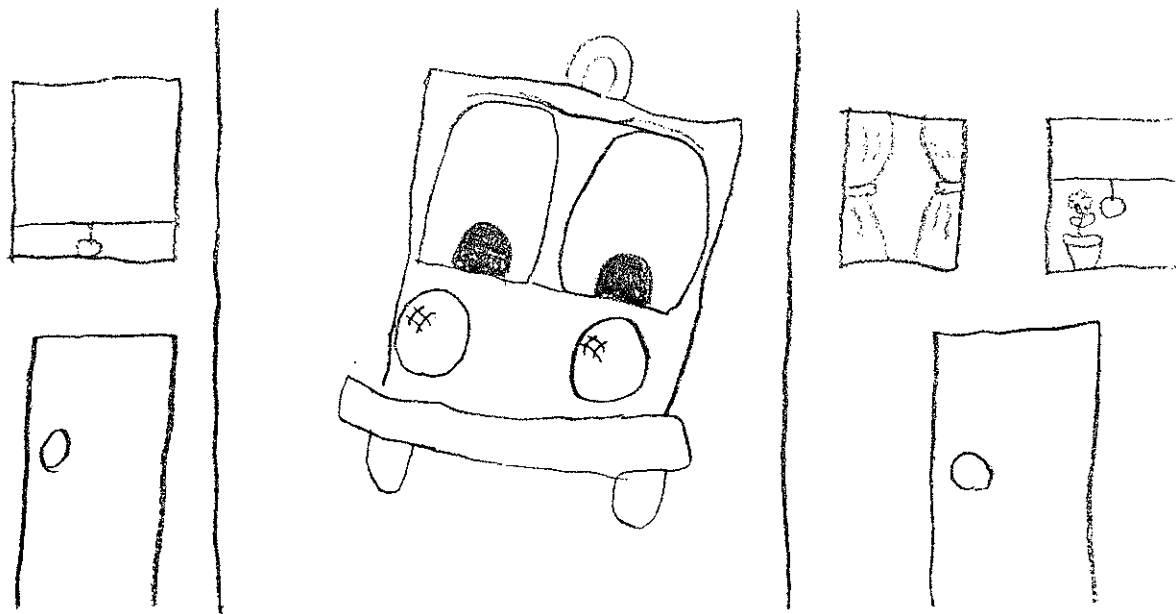


Rosie the Red Fire Truck

by John Thorson

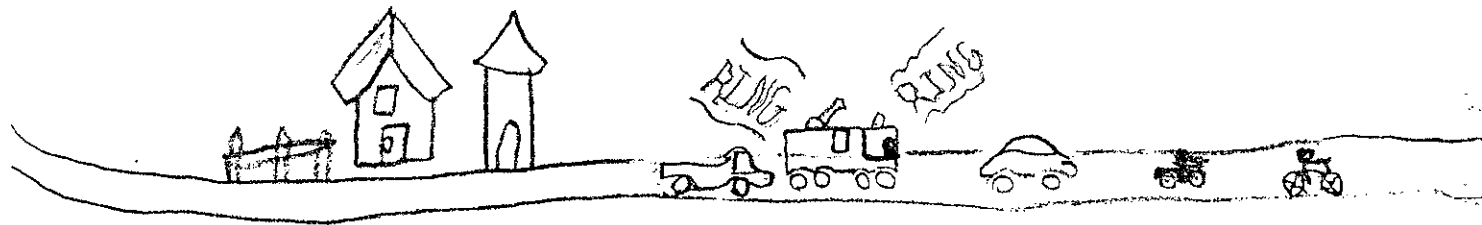
1992
Lincoln, Nebraska

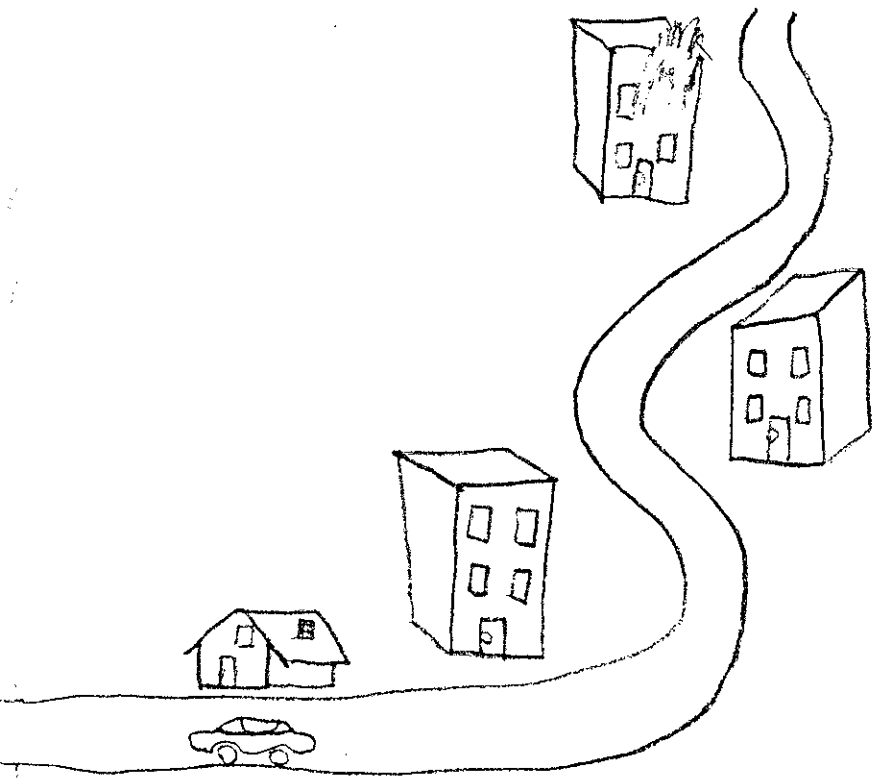
Dedicated to
my friends and family
and of course,
to Rosie

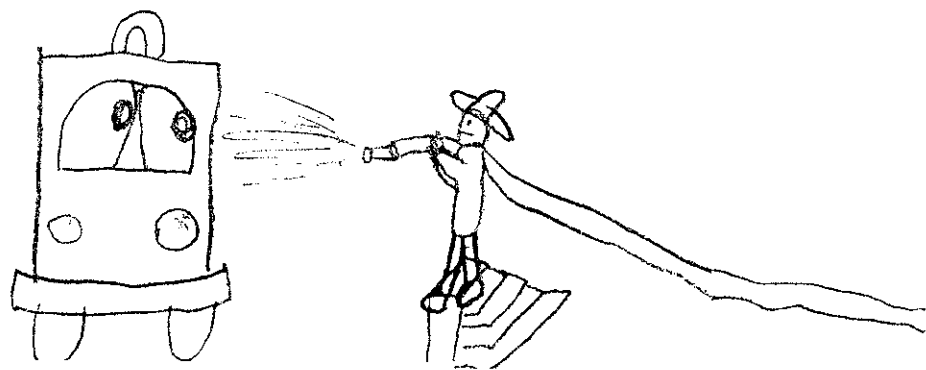


Once upon a time, a little red truck named Rosie rolled down the street. She was a proud new fire truck with all sorts of lights and equipment on her. She was pleased to be working for the Lincoln Fire Department.

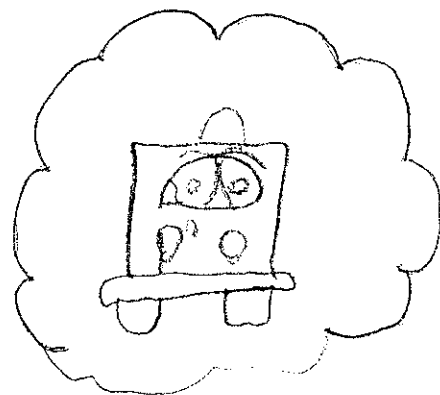
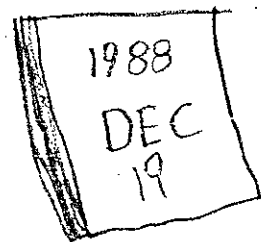
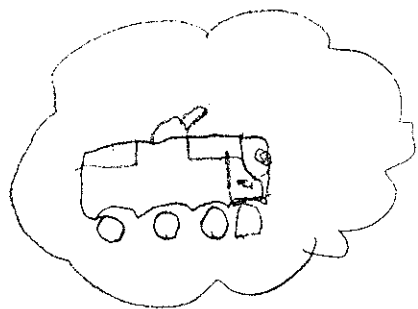
Whenever Rosie would hear the fire alarm, she would jump with excitement. She couldn't wait to go help someone in need of assistance. She felt magnificent as she put out many fires.



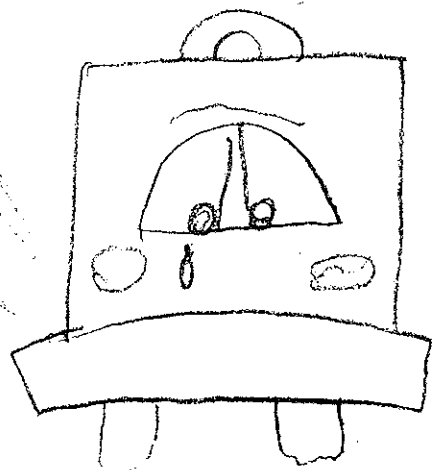




When Rosie would get back from fighting a fire, her friends at the fire station would clean her until she glistened. Her best friend, John Huff would watch with pride as they cleaned and polished Rosie.

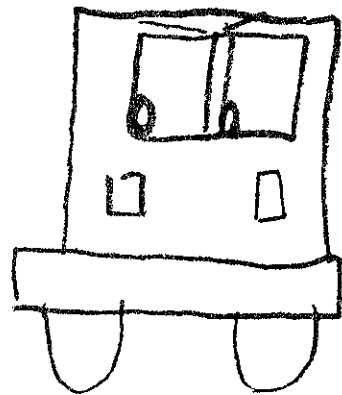
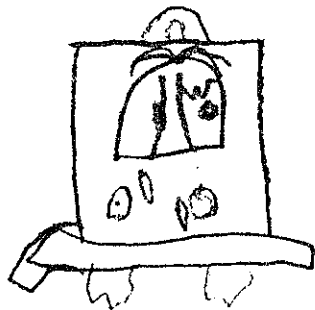
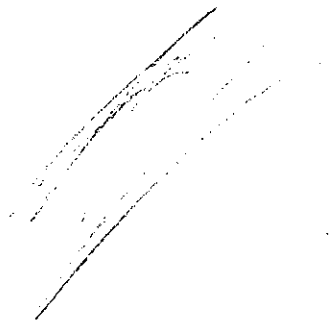


But as years passed, she got old and tattered. At first there was a leak in the hose and then cracks in the windshield. Rosie was getting old.



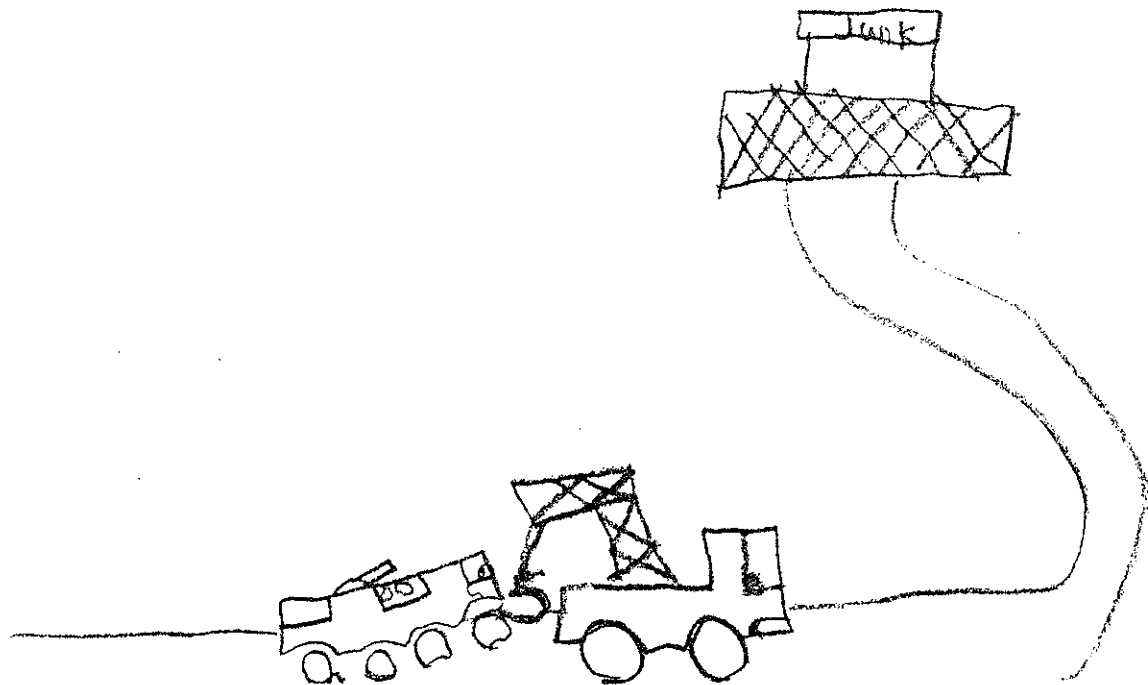
Finally, when she hadn't been asked to put out fires for a very long time, they put her in the back of the fire department and used her for spare parts. It was cold and dark in the back and she was scared being in the dark room.

She was all by herself except for a few broken down grumpy fire engines. She missed working at the fire department and she missed her friends there. She felt very sad and run down.



Lincoln
Fire Dept.

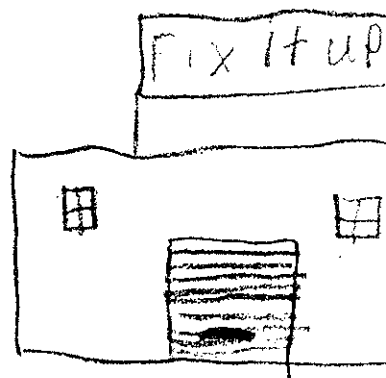
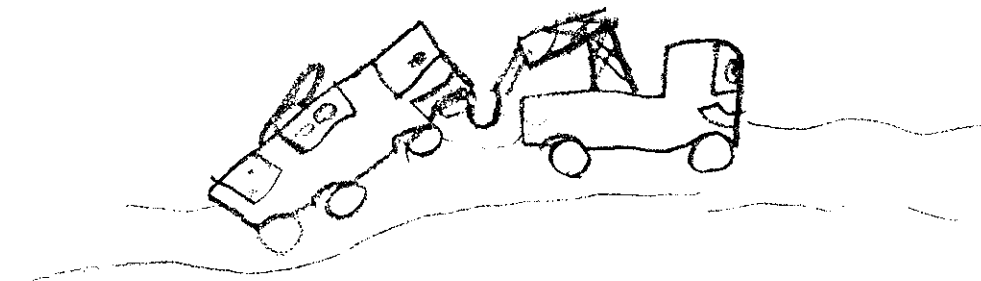




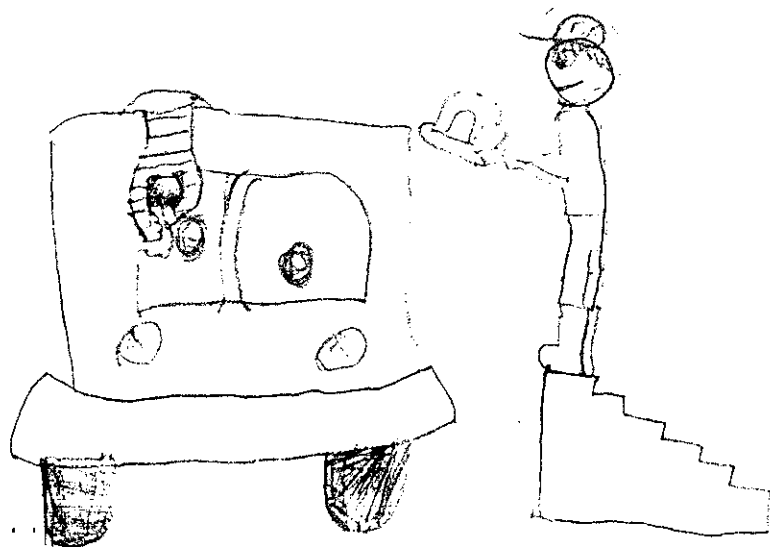
Finally, because they didn't use her anymore, she was towed out to the junk yard where broken machines were kept. She felt sadder than ever. Rosie felt like an insignificant, run down truck.

Then one day the assistant fire chief, her old friend, John Huff, had an idea. Rosie was very curious about what his idea could be.

One day some repairmen came and towed her off to a fix-it shop. Rosie was a bit frightened now. She didn't know what they were doing with her.



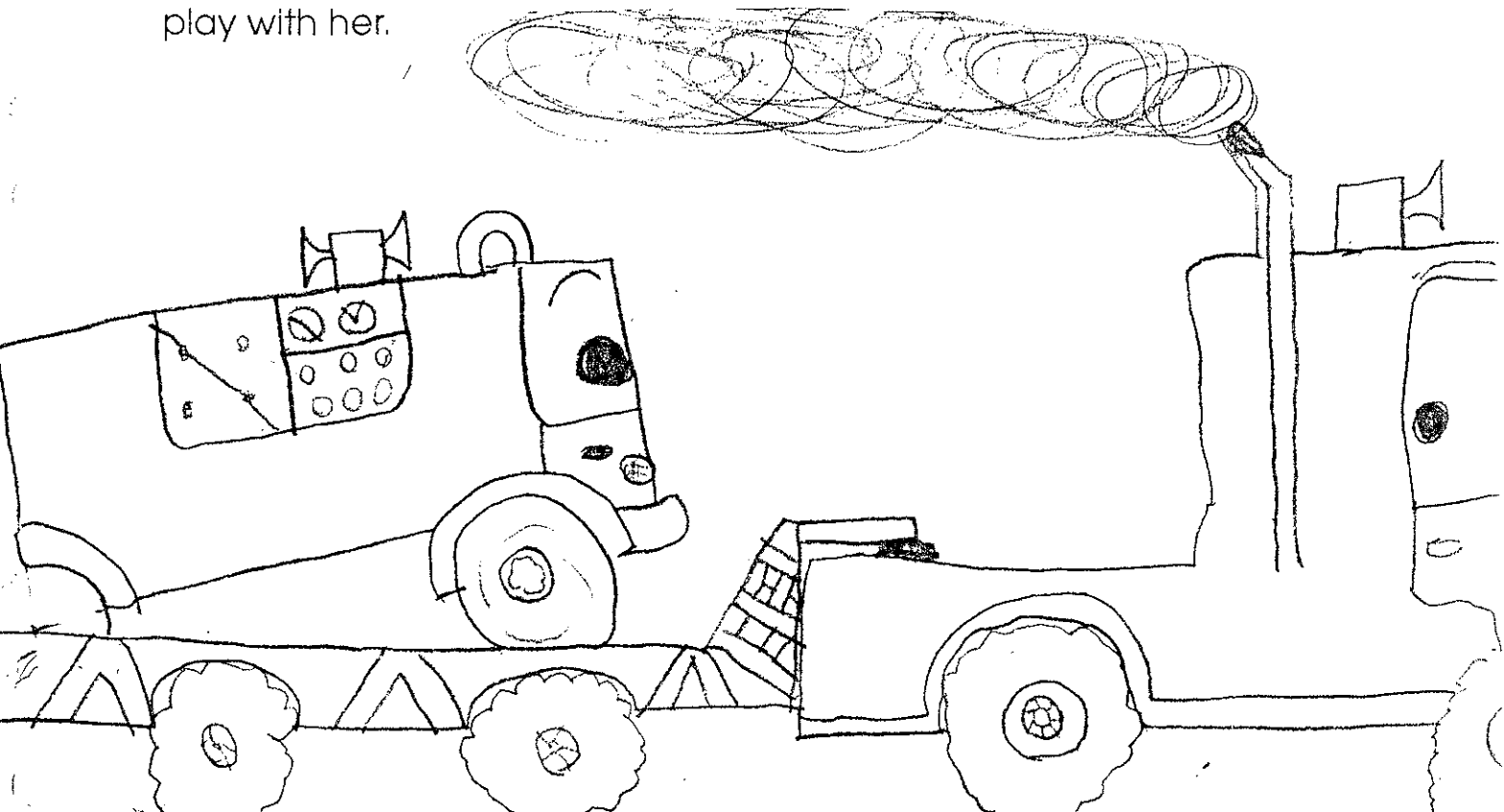
They took off the back part of Rosie and they fixed up the front part. They cleaned her windshield and polished her lights and waxed her until she shined. They replaced her old parts with new parts and restored her siren.



Then she waited

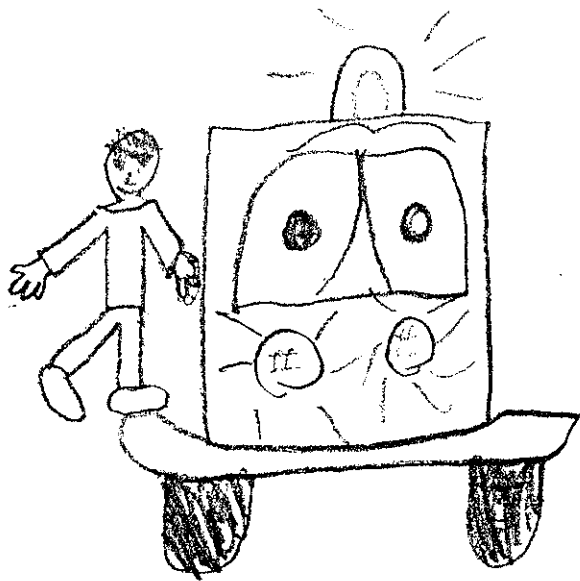
and waited and waited

A semi-truck with big wheels and a powerful engine came and moved her over to the Lincoln Children's Museum and positioned her in the main room. Then some children came and started to play with her.



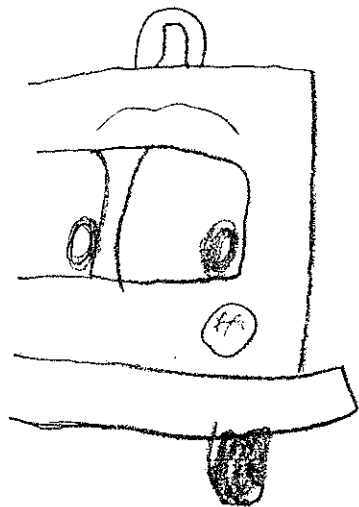
They opened her doors. It tickled.

They beeped her horn. She turned off and on her lights in excitement.



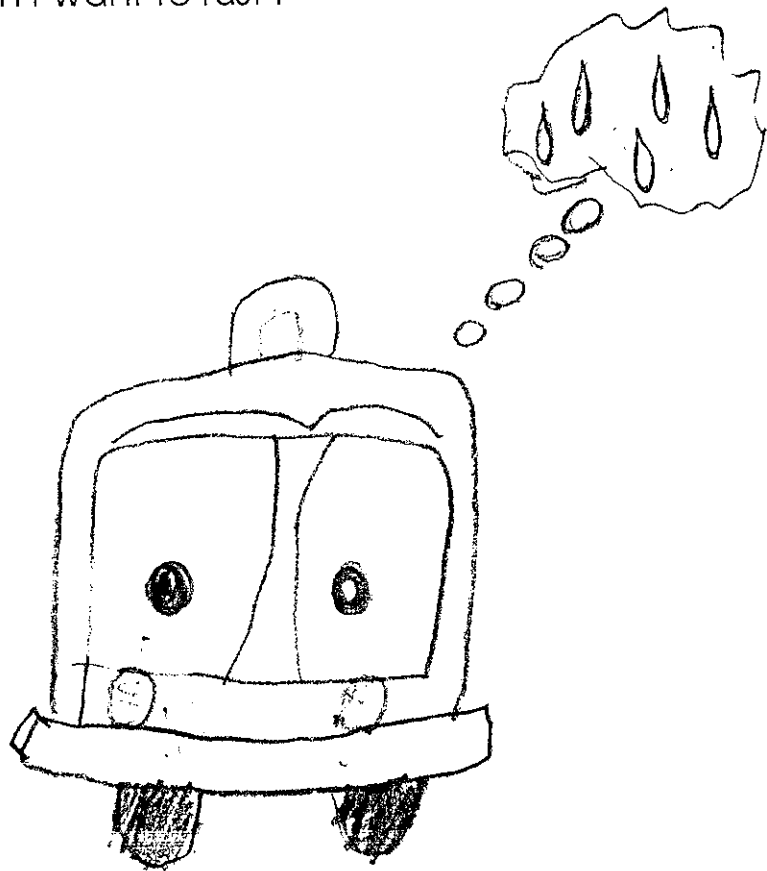
ROSIE

Rosie felt different than she'd ever felt before. She was thrilled and yet confused.

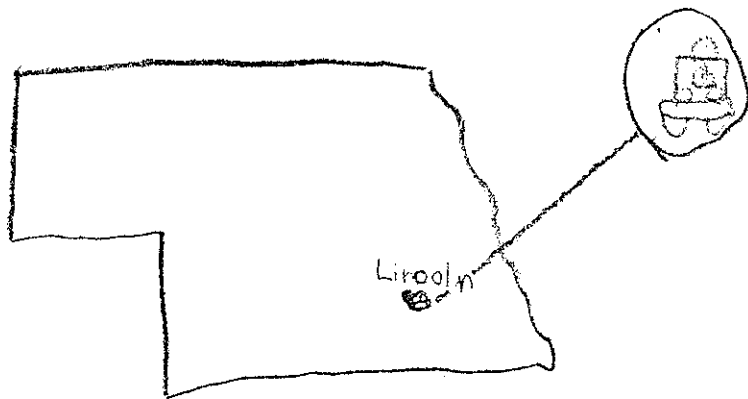


Rosie heard people talking and children laughing. She wondered what they were talking about. Then she heard someone say she was the main attraction at a children's museum.

She felt so wonderfully happy, she thought she was going to cry,
but she didn't want to rust.



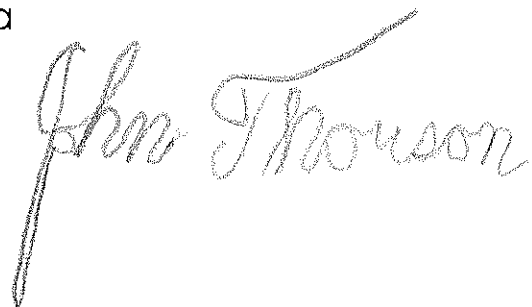
From that day on you will see Rosie smiling. Look for her when you visit the Children's Museum in Lincoln, Nebraska.



This is the end of the story but the
beginning of a new life for Rosie the Red Firetruck

Story by John Thorson
4th grade student
Humann School, Lincoln, Nebraska

Lincoln Children's Museum
Lincoln Square
13th and O Streets
Lincoln, NE 68502

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Thorson". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the author's printed name.